THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co. Publishers.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1306.

Original Poem.

SILVER SPRING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE LEYDEN BARD.

Delicious fountain of the wood,
Pale gemmed in the solitude,
How fervently I long to be,
A sparkler in thy melody!
How sweet at quiet noon the song
The crystal murmurs ever pouring,
As with a rolling gush they flow,
To plunge within the crimson below
Exaggered, often have I heard
The bright, careering forms had
Unite his voice with thy soft sound,
To fill the wold-seat around,
With silvery ringing out as fine,
If seemed the touch of breath divine.
Anon throughout the sinful world
The silvery cadence softly fell—
Now lingering in the dark ravines,
Now floating o'er the vallow greens—
Till dying on the distant lee,
A hoist of wildness became.

Here sang the Red Man's warbling knell,
His pastime chief and battle yell;
There oft his mouth for sparkling bright
Shed o'er the hills a signal light;
And oft times flashed his glancing eye
While moving with proud majesty,
To join the carrying wood below,
The footstep of his deadly foe.
Here too the doe and gentle fawn,
At twilight dim, or morning dawn,
With startled caution drank their fill,
And bounded o'er the sloping hill
With flight that often set at nought
The warrior's shaft, with rival heat
Here Hayward's wanderings in and for
Were printed on the fresh white snow,
And told how he, in bloody plight,
Had nearly forged through the night.
While this effervescence the hunt bear
That through the day crouched in his lair,
Came forth at all the fine moon scene,
To look and gambol by the stream.

But fancy, with her glittering wings,
Calls up to life a thousand things
That quickly enter, flash and fly,
In sweet congress' revelry.
Enraptured such thy murmurs cause,
Thy green her green and cool retreat,
Around the sparkling front she flings
A wreath of radiant gatherings,
Whose tinsel grace and quaintly glow
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What tinsel Fairy Harmonies seems
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"It was done at Papa's request," replied her sister. Harry Forster was a particular friend of his, and besides you know they are relatives of ours, and though, when everybody is to be here, we could have no reason for slighting them, even if we had an inclination to do so."

"I am sure there is no excellent excuse," said Lucia—"they have only arrived in town to-day, are doubtless fatigued, and what is more, none of us know Henry Smith, so that your party would naturally have supposed that we were ignorant of their arrival. To-morrow would be quite early enough, for us to call on them, and then we can then invite Miss Mary Smith to visit us since Papa insists upon it."

"Well, we cannot possibly do that now," replied Alice. "Brother has already seen them, and has promised to take one or both of us to the hotel immediately. I suppose we can go, and excuse the seeming rudeness of our conduct, by saying we were ignorant of their arrival, trying to find the name of some country cousin, that we never heard of, and then open our batter. You may accompany him if you feel disposed, but I shall remain at home and arrange my dress for the evening."

"Well, I am sorry that you will not go with us," Lucia," replied Alice. "But brother and myself, added she, cordially feeling for a handsome dress when at that moment entered the room. "will play the agreeable and try to compensate for the loss of your company."

"And pray why will not Laura join us?" said Frederick, "I think it is your duty, sister, remember they are our cousins."

"I wish Alice and yourself would not constant to remind one of the relationship. They are only our third cousins, and we could easily dispense with acknowledging them aunch. His mortifying enough to be compelled to invite such plebeians here, but it is positively unbearable to be reminded at every turn that they are relatives. Besides I cannot endure that mode of having a fresh attempt among cousin Susan.

And why should you be ashamed of it?" replied Frederick, "Harry is generous and noble hearted, and his sister is the personification of gentleness and excellence, and I consider it a most fortunate circumstance of the hearted before who will be here to-night. I am glad, Alice, that you are not prejudiced against them, and hope that you will like them, notwithstanding their homely name."

So saying, Frederick and Alice Lee left the room, and the young Laura retired to her chamber to spend much sound in quiet to commence at once her preparations for the evening. As the hours were away, however, she found herself unable to fix on any suiting arrangement of her dress, and while she stood looking from her window, she felt more than a vexed satisfaction that all was cousins of fond she forgot her mortifications and all recollections I has cousins Smith vanished from her mind. When her sister, however, entered her room, prepared to the wood with her into the splendid apartments below, the smile of gratified pride foretook her lip, and after some casual remark upon her dress, she said,

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Original Sonnet.

SUMMER LANDSCAPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

Far through the distance dim, the circling hills
Half hide their brows within the trembling sky;
A slumberous calm is on the sleeping air,
The ancient woods in soft enchantment lie;
The flashing bloom a wandering lustre flings
That leaves the calm sweet o'ede, whose every sigh
Is more than earth's music and the ells

Are silent in their beds, delicously
The breast of the old wood fills all the breeze
That wanders o'er these plains; the restless leaves
Are lifted by its wings—and from the seas
Comes the faint roar of waves, around the caves
The incorporeal hangs its blossoms gay.
All "nerve a keen tea-time, that there should last for ages.

Biblical Legend.

ADAM.

A Mohammedan Legend.

We take the liberty of extracting the following legend from a work, entitled "Oriental Tales," recently published by the Harpers (noticed by us last week) called Biblical Legends. We would, however advise our readers to purchase the work itself, which they will find very amusing and interesting.

Before Adam's sin, wheat grew upon the finest tree of Paradise. Its trunk was of gold, its leaves were of silver, and its ear—as of emerald. From every branch there sprung seven ears of ruby each ear contained five grains, and every grain was white as cream, sweet as honey, tender as marrow, and as large as an ostrich's egg. Eve ate one of these grains, and finding it more pleasant than all she had hitherto tasted, she took a second one and presented it to her husband.

Adam resisted long—our doctors say, a whole hour of paradise, which seems eighty years of our time on earth, but when he observed that Eve remained fair and happy as before, he yielded to her importunity at last, and ate the second grain of wheat, which she had had constantly with her, and presented it to her female friends. That any woman may be considered eligible to contend in the lists, who can prove that she has sent to the said Parson a pair of her husband's old breeches, or some article of woollen or fine linen clothing, or has borrowed six or more of his sermons.

"Given under our hand and seal,

"Cuss."

"See," said the man, as the Parson returned the paper, "somewhat like judge's going to give the signal to commence."

"Where is the judge?"

Why he is perched to a high seat at the end of the list, where sat a little curly-headed boy with wings and quiver.

The little judge gave the signal of combat, by [illegible] and the combatants [illegible] and [illegible] each other [illegible] Each one [illegible] the other [illegible] The [illegible] was [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"So much the better. Too lark no qualification. And now, fair maiden, what answer will you choose?"

"If it must be so, my shield shall be my own fair Fame."

"And your spear?"

"That shall be Wit."

"So let it be. And now stand out in the middle of the lists, while Miss Puppet takes the next weapon. Hold, Miss Puppet, that big shield which you so gallantly flourish, will you? It Will? No! It is of a base metal—alloy! Kindley, thought to be the same by some, but easily detected by others. Why do you stand here, vainly, Miss Puppet? Why do you not take your weapons like those worn by Miss Worthy?"

"I have searched my armory through and through," Miss Puppet answered, "but cannot find any spear called Wit; I have a shield called Fair Fame, but it is small and thin and pierced with holes."

"Then you cannot appear in light, and must be declared vanquished in the chivalrous tilt-yard, announce Miss Worthy the victor, and lead her to the prize!"

The trumpets sounded, and the fair girl approached and took down at the Parson's feet. He raised her up, and as Cupid gaily overlooked and then tenth in weight, he began to conclude that he knew Kindley, a wise leader.

He awoke and found it all a dream.

"I do not feel like writing this evening," he said, as he put Grace and Faith out of his mind. "Besides, I think my parishioners can wait for me upon more. There's old Farmer Worthy, for instance. I have not called upon him for a month. I'll go there now."

A minute afterwards he was observed dressing himself with more than usual care.

Two weeks afterwards, Miss Puppet met Miss Jupot in the street.

"Have you heard the news?"

"No! what is it?"

"Why, only think! Mr. Stockfast has married that silly proud little Miss Worthy."

"The wretch! He'll find out whether I send him any more puffs or eye-lashings!"

But the Parson did not care, for he had some one at home who could make both for him. *L.*

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1836.

TERMS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Post Office is making the very spirit of that proposition, simultaneously.

The Dead Ona I Love, is accepted.

EMIGRATION TO VIRGINIA

We have been very much interested by an article that recently appeared in the Richmond Enquirer, relative to the prospects in Eastern Virginia for new settlers.

There is no portion of the Union more favored with natural advantages of soil and situation than this noble state, and yet if we may believe the accounts that reach us from every quarter, there is no one where everything seems to denote such a long story to decay. In the article below on it is stated in describing the mode in which this condition of things has been brought about:

The agriculturists have from the beginning pursued a course which would inevitably impoverish any country upon the earth; they have cropped the soil unremittingly, without ever restoring it to rest a single season, with tobacco, wheat, and corn, as long as it would produce enough to pay the labor of tillage, without measuring out to the land parts of manure of any kind. And when by this monstrous system they have got all they could, they have abandoned their fields and cleared off the adjacent forest, subjecting the soil to the same process, until most of the surface of the eastern part of the State has been robbed of its fertility, and where the habitations of the statesmen of the Revolution stood surrounded by all the luxuries of the most luxuriant vegetation, nothing but a wilderness now appears, and the *wild deer* and wild turkey have increased in abundance and many a more unsightful of nettles than they can find in the wilds of the far West.

Land exceedingly in new south in many places has to be so fallen as acres. Thus a letter from Westmoreland County says: "Within a few days past several acres on the land of a neighborhood adjoining to this county, and contiguous to the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers, were transported last June $1 per acre, and that which is improved from $5 to $10 per acre. Another letter describes a farm of 300 acres, with a very comfortable dwelling on the main road —price $5 per acre.

Many portions of eastern Virginia must, it would be observed, which are affected in many modes by emigrating the land. The climate, even of the mountainous districts of the State, is not of New York and Pennsylvania, and Susquehanna, and Pennsylvania. It seem is said to be delightful—the summers being not so great as a regular exhaustion, and the winters short and mild that many farmers do not house their stock or feed them at all. A Physician whose character is vouched for by the author of the article above alluded to, is quoted as saying—

"Our habit of mortality will compare favorably with those of any other part of the Union where the invalidism range. We have no epidemics, no consumption, no pulmonary affections of consequence. It is notorious that before the Revolution, when there was really a gentle spot, persons from the upper country came here seasonly in the summer for their health.

The great advantage, however, of this tract of country is in its proximity to the great markets of the eastern cities. The various streams that flow into the Chesapeake, with their numerous branches, afford means of communication with the eastern States, but to the whole world. Steamboats, it is said leave Norfolk for Philadelphia and southern ports at the late in the evening, and arrive in the latter before sunrise the next morning. The run from Norfolk to Philadelphia can be made in only one hour. Steamboats ply from Norfolk to Baltimore, and to Washington, and to Alexandria, and to Fredericksburg, and to Richmond, and to Petersburg, and to Weldon, and to Portsmouth, and to Suffolk, and to Edenton, and to Elizabeth City, and to Hertford, and to Plymouth, and to Washington, and to Newbern, and to Beaufort, and to Ocracoke, and to Wilmington, and to Fayetteville, and to Cheraw, and to Georgetown, and to Charleston, and to Savannah, and to Augusta, and to Milledgeville, and to Macon, and to Columbus, and to Montgomery, and to Mobile, and to New Orleans, and to Galveston, and to Matamoras, and to Vera Cruz, and to Tampico, and to Havana, and to Nassau, and to Key West, and to Tallahassee, and to Apalachicola, and to Pensacola

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by James R. Smith, Wesley Smith, William Wilson, and John R. Smith. G. H. Hewes, of Hamilton, Ohio, assists Mr. James.

N. C. Brooks, S. J. Hewes and Dr. C. Bonsall, are our Agents for Kentucky.

JOHN HUMMEL, Esq., is our Agent for Mt. Bonnerson, for Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY ROWLEY is our Agent for Alabama and Mississippi.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by James R. Smith, Wesley Smith, William Wilson, and John R. Wood, B. B. Hussey, T. S. Waterman, and John Collins.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New Jersey.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE offers for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

Congressional News.

As Congress is to adjourn next Monday, the members seem to feel the necessity of doing up the business before them as speedily as possible. The Senate has passed the Independent Treasury Bill, and the House has concurred in the amendment of the Senate, prohibiting Treasury Notes of a smaller size as currency.

An amendment offered by Mr. Cameron, requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to publish the amount of specie at the several places of deposit, the amount of Treasury drafts drawn, and the amount of notes outstanding at the close of every month, was adopted.

An amendment was also adopted, requiring the consent of the creditor to have payment in Treasury notes or drafts, before he should be so paid.

The House has amended the Warehouse Bill by a vote of 117 to 92. It had already passed the Senate. The Naval Appropriation Bill has also passed the Senate, appropriating $100,000 for the construction of a dry dock at Philadelphia was passed over the veto of Vice President Dallas. An amendment appropriating $95,000 to commence it was rejected. So that all hope of an appropriation to this object this session is at an end.

We congratulate our readers upon the passage of the bill dissolving hereafter the public printing shall be done by the "lowest bidder."

The Committee on the Commerce of the Senate, reported a resolution that the subject of the expediency of requiring vessels navigating Delaware Bay to employ pilots, be referred to a select committee, the Secretary of the Treasury, with directions to report to Congress at its next session upon the expediency of the measure. Mr. Archer opposed the reference, after some remarks from Mr. J. M. Clayton and Mr. Davis, the resolution was adopted.

Mr. Rowan, from the Committee on Public Lands, on the 31st ult., made a report accompanied by a bill granting to Asa Whitney and his associates, for the purpose of constructing a Railroad to Oregon, the public lands within 30 miles on each side of it, and asked that it be printed.

Mr. Benton was surprised that such a ridiculous project should have found its way into the Senate. It was individual's ability to undertake the gigantic enterprise, for a stipulated sum annually, he did not doubt after this that the proposition would be entertained.

Mr. Rowan defended the project as one of vast importance, and said the report of the Committee was an able one, and worthy of consideration. Mr. Chalmers, Woodbridge and Cuthbert spoke in favor of printing.

Mr. Bayard presented a letter from an officer of the Exploring Expedition, giving the result of the examination of the mouth of the Columbia River, showing conclusively that the report of Capt. Wilkes, which he asked to have printed.

Referred to the Committee on Printing.

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Cotton goods, or cottons, coming 14 cents the running yard,	30	25
Mousel aine de Laine—Cotton worsted, 24 inches wide, costing 12 cents,	30	25
Cotton and worsted Orleans and alpaca cloth, costing 25 cents the square yd.	30	25
Miscellaneous.		
Linseed oil,	27	20
Cables and rodrigs, tarred,	30	30
Hempen twine and twine,	30	30
Cast, cutlery, unmanufactured,	30	30
Anchors,	30	30
Axes,	30	30

Items of News.

THE CURRENT CRY.—The Albany, (Georgia,) Courier, of the 20th ult. announces the appearance of the caterpillar among the cotton plants. The coldness of the weather, and the incessant rains, are considered as the cause of th's early appearance of the worm.

☞ It is mentioned as a remarkable coincidence that one vote carried the tariff of 1816; one vote the tariff of 1828; one vote in each House carried the tariff of 1842; and by one vote in the Senate the tariff of 1846 has become a law.

☞ The Magnetic Telegraph between New York and Albany will soon be in full operation. The wires are all up between Poughkeepsie and Albany and the whole route will probably be completed in a few days.

MAINE U. S. SENATOR.—The Maine Legislature has adjourned without electing a Senator. A vote of 77 to 46, have indefinitely postponed the consideration of the order directing an inquiry into the secret ballot of Mr. Cameron.

☞ The owners of Noble Estates, assembled at Prague, have resolved partly to give up their exemptions from taxes, and have proposed to apply the amount to the education of the children of the peasants.

A MASTER TO SCIENCE—Dr. Wm. C. Waterman, of Buffalo, has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment in the State prison, for disinterring bodies for anatomical purposes. Served him right.

A SWORD FOR CAPTAIN DUNCAN.—The Board of Aldermen in New York have appropriated $200 towards purchasing a sword for Captain Duncan, who distinguished himself so much at Vera Cruz.

LAW TO BE ENFORCED.—The State Temperance Convention at Albany adjourned last week, having decided to carry the Maine Liquor Law into force by appeals to the judiciary, when necessary.

HARD UP.—A Circular has been sent out by the Editors of Harris' National Press, New York, appealing to the Clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church, "for countenance and support."

THE ACCIDENT ON THE ERIE RAILROAD.—The Coroner's Jury in the case of the accident upon the railroad on the 17th inst., have returned a verdict that the deceased came to their death by the upsetting of the cars, occasioned by the spreading of the rails, and that the accident was unavoidable.

MR. BENTON PROPHESIES.—For the first time in six years a drunken man was seen in Ware, Massachusetts, on the 4th inst. The individual was arrested, and fined for the gratification of the bystanders.

☞ Cumberland County has paid to the State Treasurer her quota of State tax, amounting to $11,000, for which the county receives an abatement of about $1,200.

A SWORN PEOPLE.—For the first time in six years a drunken man was seen in Ware, Massachusetts, on the 4th inst. The individual was arrested, and fined for the gratification of the bystanders.

☞ Ex-Governor Howard, formerly Governor of Maryland, died suddenly at his residence in Anne Arundel county, last Sunday night.—Sun Sapsigo.

☞ Berks County was among the number which commendably came forward and paid in their quota of State tax on the call of the State Treasurer.

☞ The New York Mercantile Library Association has determined to build a new edifice, to be erected on the site of the Exploring Expedition, giving the result of the examination of the mouth of the Columbia River, having entered into a contract for the purchase of Castle Garden, which he asked to have printed.

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PROPOSITION OF PEACE.

Letters from Washington, under date of August 5, state that the President has sent a message to the Senate's with a proposition for Peace with Mexico. It is believed that Mexico is willing to receive a Commissioner or Minister from this country. Mr. Slidell has returned from Saratoga to Washington. There is a rumor that a Commissioner from Mexico has arrived bringing an offer of his Government that it will receive a Minister and assent to terms of peace. It is also rumored that the President has submitted to the Senate that he will send Mr. Slidell as Minister to Mexico if the Senate think proper, and he will ask of Congress an appropriation of three millions of dollars, to purchase some of the Western Provinces of the Mexican Republic. A rumor is gaining ground strongly that the President will veto the French Spoliation Bill.

☞ The Matamoras Flag mentions a rumor to the effect that General Paredes had already raised the Commandant at Monterey that he would have to make the best defence he could at that place as he was unable to render him any assistance at present, owing to the difficulties in the Southern States of the Republic. Thirteen small steamboats have ascended the Rio Grande, and arrived at Matamoras for the transportation of General Taylor's troops. Fragments of the army are arriving from Charleston, and two others from Philadelphia.

The following paragraph is from the same paper. It shows that the wreck of Mexican nationality has begun in Mexico:

Mexico.—At Matamoras, by R. P. Jose Maria Rodriguez, Col. Lawrence E. McKay, formerly of New Orleans, to La Senora Donna Dolores Sanclaic.

COMMON LAW ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—The Saint Louis New Era of the 25th ult. states that a short time ago a steamboat arrived at St. Louis having on board a quantity of whiskey. The officers found that the hands on the boat had bored holes in the heads of the barrels and had inserted about a gallon from each barrel, and on this account they deducted 45 cents from the wages of each hand. The matter was carried before a justice of the peace and brought separate suits against the boat. The tavern-keeping justice decided that the custom had introduced testimony that from time immemorial it had been the usage and custom for boat hands to bore each whiskey from the barrels they carried as freight. On the proof of this usage the case was decided against the boat and judgment made out against it in each case for 75 cents. An appeal was taken.

WITHDRAWAL OF PRESBYTERIANS.—The Presbytery of Lewes, Delaware, a small body consisting of four or five ministers and as many churches, has withdrawn from the General Assembly (New-School) by which it is belonged, expressly on the ground of the anti-slavery character of the document adopted by the Assembly at its last meeting. The Presbytery of Baltimore has withdrawn and

Selected Poetry.

LORD MURRAY.

BY MRS. CORRY.

At break of day, to hunt the deer,
Lord Murray rides with hunting gear;
Glen Tilt his bolting step shall know,
The 'minish'd herd, his present chase;
And sorrow haunts and sadnes tell
Shall grace to morrow's banquet hall.

Lord Murray leaped on his steed,
A little hand arrests his course;
Two loving eyes upon him burn,
And meekly plead for swift return—
His lady sends to see him go,
Yet standing unless days are now.

"Go back, my dame," Lord Murray said,
"The wind blows chilly on the head;
On back into thy bower and rest,
Too sharp the morning for thy breast.
On need thy health, I charge on thee,
For sake of him thou'rt promised me."

Lord Murray gallops by the lree,
His luntsmen follow up the Tay;
Where Tummel, like a hapless girl,
Longs o'er the rocky path to whirl,
Falls in Tay's arms a silenced wife,
And sinks to sunless waters for life.

Lord Murray rides through Garry's den,
Where bustling hills the sunset pen;
And as he lookest looks upon
The cause reverberate the shock,
Far as the cones of Ben-y-Glo,
That o'er Glen Tilt their shadows throw.

Great sport was his, and worthy gain,
The noblest of the herd were slain;
Till, worn with chase, the hunter sunk
At evening on a mossy bank;
And as his strength received with food,
His spirit likened the solitude.

A silvery speck the distance lid,
And up the valley gently slid;
While softened through its curtain white,
The lakes and rivers flashed their light,
And crimson mountains of the west
Unbound the sun upon their breast.

Hushed was the twi'light, birds were dumb,
The midges ceased the waving hum,
And flocked inumerable in fair sleep;
All silent browsed the struggling sheep;
Yet Tilt, sole tattler of the glen,
Ran wreckless in Lord Murray's ken.

An infant's cry" such bulls at birth
The first parient feeble breath of earth;
Lord Murray stirreth to explore,
But these is stillness as before.
Nothing he sees but fading skirs,
The cold, blue phantom of the mere,
The heather nodding wearily,
The wind that crieth drearily;
It was a lonely, thankful lot,
But it hath broke his reverie.

In the sing night he rideth back,
His heart is thicker than his track;
It is not conscience, dread, or shame—
His soul is sunshine a his name.
But sleepless hunters vaguely crowed
Around him black as thunder cloud

He spare his horse until he reach
His castle hall of aged beech;
His lady stood him forth at morn,
But silence hails his late return.
The little dog that on her waits,
Why runs he whining at the gates?

Lord Murray wonders at the gloom,
His halls deserted as the tomb;
And all along the corridors
Against the windows swing the fire—
Closed is his lady's door—he stands,
Too weak to ope it with his hands,
Yet hesitateh in he knows not how,
And looks upon his lady's brow.

She lay upon her bridal bed,
Her golden tresses raved her shed,
Her cheek's dropped, her lips apart,
As if still sighing forth her heart.
But cold and white, as her linked arms,
Yet like had left that face forever.
On her bosom lay a child,
Flushed with sleep whereof it smiled—
Sleep of birth and sleep of death,
Yet clasped with warm young breath
Rosy babe and clay white mother
Softly laid by one another.

The nurse, a woman learned with years,
Knelt by the bed with bursting tears,
And wailed aloud her misery and sorrow
Nor thee had nurtured for the task.
A piteous sight it was, in truth—
The living babe, the perished youth.

"The way is long," at last she said,
"Oh, something lord, the way is dread,
Through marsh and pitfall, to the rest
God keeps for those who serve Him best:
And unto man it ne'er was given
To win with ease the joys of heaven.

"Ere Mary, queen beside her son,
Such grace for woman's toil had won
Remembering the manger rude,
[Her pangs of virgin motherhood,]
That blessed mont of maiden they,
Whose life, like virgins, knew no way.

"No pains of purgatory knows
The virgin in that deep repose;
No harm death's impress upon her,
The mother, both blessed, must bear;
For virgin near her waiting stand,
And it her straight to God's right hand

"No manner need ye for fat sad,
Sound within the heavenly resting-vail:
Fear ye the babe she bore this day,
For sins in death were washed away;
To win him life 'twas here to die,
And she shall live in heaven for aye:
Pain in our night her body lies,
Her soul is blessed in Paradise."
Lord Murray's were the words to the word,
"Her soul is blessed, praise the Lord!"

Our Scrap Book.

THE LAST DAYS OF Marshal Ney.

FROM MARBLE'S "NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS."

At length a dark object was seen to emerge from the distant mist and soon an army of 20,000 men could be heard in the field of Waterloo, and began to march straight for the scene of conflict. Bourbet had the Prussians had come, but as Grouchy, who had been left to hold them in check followed after, it is manifest Napoleon saw that he could not succeed before the attack of so many fresh troops, if once all joined to form a junction with the allied forces, and so he determined to stake his fate on one bold cast, and with the energy and skill that never failed at a grand charge at the red hour—and thus throwing himself between the two armies, fight them separately. And so that portion of the Imperial Guard was rallied up, which had arrested the pursuing army the night before, and was formed into two immense columns, which, under the lead of the British centre. That under Ney on account of the fire that it displayed, and the other was placed under the command of the hero of the hour, and the order to advance given. Napoleon accompanied them part way down the ridge, and halting for a moment in a hollow, addressed them in his fiery, impetuous manner. He told them the battle rested with them, and that he relied on their valor. "For I *Napoleon* myself" announced him with a shout that was heard all over the field of battle.

He then drew to Ney, who ordered the charge. Bonaparte has been blamed for not leading this column himself, but he knew he could not carry the guard so far or hold them so long before the artillery as Ney. The moral power the latter exercised with them from the regiment to the head of being the "bravest of the brave," was worth a whole division. Whenever a column saw him at the head of it, it knew that it was to carry all combinations. With the rarest inn of Marshal, I do not know a general in the two armies who could hold his soldiers so long in the face of destruction as he.

The whole Continental struggle exhibited no military spectacle that that last effort of Napoleon's to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the defense of Belgium by the decided foe. The greatest military energy and skill the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thousands were sinking on the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in the smoke where hung, and in its second splendor, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye. At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He was master of almost all France to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single charge. The intense anxiety with which he watched the advance of that column, and the terrible suspense he suffered when the smoke of battle wrapped it from sight, and the utter despair of his grand heart when the curtain lifted over a flagless army, and the disputing clouds rang on every side, "*la garde recule!*" "*la garde recule!*" makes us for the moment forget all the carnage in sympathy with his distress.

Ney felt the pressure of the immense responsibility on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust committed to his care. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of that column to the assault. That guard had never yet recalled before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as, without the beating of a drum, or music of any kind, and in solemn silence and courage, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of the gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they never stopped nor faltered. Bewildering equalness and whole battalions disappearing one after another in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each treading over his fallen comrade, pressed firmly on. The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and he gave his command on foot. Another fell and he was on the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink down, till few had been shot from under him. Then, with his uniform rifled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot with drawn sabre at the head of his men. Never in all his career had he exposed his life so free and lead into that living mass. Up to the very muzzles of the guns, and driving the artillerymen from their own pieces, pushed on through the English lines. But at that moment a file of cuirassiers had fallen flat on the ground to hold a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley in their very faces. Another and another followed till the whole front sheet of fire rolled and became, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow, that human courage could not withstand it. They reeled, shook, staggered back, then turned and fled. Ney was borne back in the rollcost tide, and buried over the field. But for the cool of fugitives that turned him on, he would have been alone, and fallen on his footsteps. As it was, disdaining to fly, though the whole army was flying, he turned his face into two immense squares, and endeavored to stem the terrific current, and would have done so but for the fact that the Prussian cavalry had gotten stass that pressed on his exhausted ranks. For a long time these squares stood and let the artillery plough through them. It was in that day that Napoleon was writ, and though Ney doubtless did what no other man in the army could have done, he did not do the like by thee, friend Charlotte! Moreover I think well of thee as a dutiful wife and mother. Thou hast had thy faults, and so had he, poor old parent. I wish thy grandchild well through here." (the alluded to the Princess Charlotte.) It was so evident that the Prince Regent was not behaving fully, that offence could not be taken. She escorted her guest through her estate. The Princess Elizabeth noticed at the breakfast table that Ney ate with hitherto unknown to her, and expressed a wish to possess some of that excellent fish called eel. "Perhaps you will give me a pair," persevered the Princess, with a coaxing smile. "Nay, verily," replied Earl Ney, "I have retired many times, but what I which I desired to mine own kinswoman, May the Ash, it becometh not one of my name. We have long had it to say, that these birds belonged only to our house, and I can make no exception in thy favor.

This is a fact.

Natural History.

NOTES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

1. It is a well known fact that some of the inferior animals can make a fire. Even the common cotang, when he comes upon a fire left by a man in the woods, though he may warm himself by the embers, never thinks of replenishing the fire by adding fresh fuel; this is a step beyond the range of his capabilities. Man alone is a fire using animal, and however simple it may appear, the kindling of a fire is an art, and an art that requires some skill, too, as any one may ascertain who attempts it for the first time. Some people are more successful than others in civilized society, how very few, (except those regularly trained to it) can kindle a fire if left to their own resources! Yet how expertly will every savage perform this office. Mr C. Darwin thus describes the operation as performed by the Fuegian Indians guides, after they had taken up their night's lodgings on the ridge of a high mountain:—By the aid of strips of fir bark, and a few pieces of bamboo for rafters, and a large leaf of the banana for a thatch, the Tahitians, in a few minutes built an excellent house, such "with the wind in any direction will be dry. A light was procured by rubbing a blunt-pointed stick in a perpendicular white soft very light wood, in a groove made in another piece. After friction, the dust of the wood became ignited. This is the work of a few seconds; but to a native in civilized society, how very few, (except those regularly trained to it) could kindle a fire if left to their own resources! Yet how expertly will every savage perform this office. Mr C. Darwin thus describes the operation as performed by the Fuegian Indians guides, after they had taken up their night's lodgings on the ridge of a high mountain:—By the aid of strips of fir bark, and a few pieces of bamboo for rafters, and a large leaf of the banana for a thatch, the Tahitians, in a few minutes built an excellent house, such "with the wind in any direction will be dry. A light was procured by rubbing a blunt-pointed stick in a perpendicular white and very light wood, in a groove made in another piece. After friction, the dust of the wood became ignited. This is the work of a few seconds; but to a person who does not understand the art, it requires the greatest exertion. Having made a small bed of grass, they placed a piece of tinder, of the bark of a cricket-ball, on the burning wood. In about ten minutes' time the sticks were consumed, and the tinder was alight. They had previously collected a small parcels of leaves, pieces of bed fish, ripe and unripe berries, and the tops of the wild arum. These green parcels were laid on the fire in alternate layers of the hot stones, and the whole then covered over with earth, so that no steam or smoke could escape. In about a quarter of an hour the whole was most deliciously cooked.

The Gaucho, or native of the Pampas, uses a different method in procuring a fire. Taking an elastic stick, about eighteen inches long, he presses one end on his breast, and the other, which he has pointed to a hole in a piece of wood, and then rapidly turns the curved part, like a carpenter's centre-bit, till by friction it takes fire. In the cold and damp forests of the Falkland Islands, the same observant traveller, Mr. Darwin, found it not very surprising to see the Gauchos, in the midst of rain, with nothing seeking wet, with nothing more than a tinderbox and a piece of rag, immediately make a fire. They sought beneath the tufts of grass and bushes for a few dry twigs, and these they rubbed into fibres. Then placing them beneath their clothes on their breast, they blew a bird's nest, they put the rest, with its spark of fire, in the middle and covered it up. The nest being then held up for the wind, by degrees it smoked more and more, and at last burst out into flame. I do not think any white man could have had a chance of succeeding with such dangerous materials."

2. It is singular to think that our ancestors, the ancient Britons, lived in a state of almost complete nudity, and that in this state they enjoyed robust health in a climate that has been the cause of many deaths among fashionable dames and dandies of modern days. Even the natives of Patagonia, inhabiting a country still more severe than Britain, go quite naked at the present time. They are described as a tall and robust race, though living in the lowest grade of savage simplicity. Nor is the effect of habit in the animal system. Persons who have been accustomed to the use of tobacco, are averse to both mental and bodily vigor than a high son, for, generally speaking, natives of the temperate and cold climates are more robust and healthier than those of the torrid. Yet it or only in so far as the severity of the climate requires industry and the arts, that these latter are cultivated, for Mr. Darwin's description of the natives of Wollaston island, from the Fuegian, is by no means an engaging one. "While going on shore," says he, "I saw a native canoe with six Fuegians. Three were the most abject and miserable creatures I ever beheld. On the east coast the natives have Guanaco cloaks, and on the west they possess seal-skins sufficient to cover their backs; but these fellows were skulking wet, with nothing more than a tattered piece of mat, and a piece of seal's flesh to eat. They immediately began begging for it, and when it was thrown to them, devoured it like famished dogs. Jemmy Button, so quite naked at the present time. They are described as a tall and robust race, though living in the lowest grade of savage simplicity. Nor is the effect of habit in the animal system. For instance, persons who have been accustomed to the use of tobacco, are averse to both mental and bodily vigor than a high son, for, generally speaking, natives of the temperate and cold climates are more robust and healthier than those of the torrid. Yet it or only in so far as the severity of the climate requires industry and the arts, that these latter are cultivated, for Mr. Darwin's description of the natives of Wollaston island, from the Fuegian, is by no means an engaging one. "While going on shore," says he, "I saw a native canoe with six Fuegians. Three were the most abject and miserable creatures I ever beheld. On the east coast the natives have Guanaco cloaks, and on the west they possess seal-skins sufficient to cover their backs; but these fellows were skulking wet, with nothing more than a tattered piece of mat, and a piece of seal's flesh to eat. They immediately began begging for it, and when it was thrown to them, devoured it like famished dogs. Jemmy Button, so

Appropriate Poem.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

BY SOUTHEY.

We know this has been often published, but its merit will be its excuse for a place in our columns, more upon the newspaper side, if any excuse is needed]

It was a summer evening,
Old Kasper's work was done;
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green,
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet
In playing had found:
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth and round

Old Kasper took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by,
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory."

"I and them in the garden, for
There's many here about,
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in the great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kasper cried,
"That put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out.
But every body said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory."

"My father lived at Blenheim, then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burn'd his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly:
So with his wife and child he fled.
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With scarce a roof to cover them
He went to seek his fortune on
A long and weary road,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like these, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbo' won,
And not good praise is due,
Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory."

"And every body praised the Duke,
Who such a fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

Fun and Frolic.

TO WHOM UNKNOWN.—It is not generally known that wine barks are quite common in France—esculentine, such is the case. The Duke of Clarence in the last war, with his own hand, destroyed a vine barrel in Maloney. Punch has tried it with the very best Sherry. Only imagine! Punch—the Punch—with a vinous flavor! Punch, and not Punch wine, and kicking, and plunging, and laughing, until the tears ran down his cheeks; and never thinking of the morrow—a fine frame piece.

"What's a fine frame piece for a tub full of wine? Hurrah! Hurrah!

"Gently—gently. At least fifty others bottled in the same wine—after Punch. The lawyer at the head of the table—Punch—gave Punch the first dip. *After* him came fifty others—moaning in all fifty fine frame pieces.

"Where are the fifty frames flown to?

"Not at all. Not so by any means.

"What then?

"Bottled! Bottled, of course."

"Bottled! And for what purpose?

"Why, for sale, to be sure.

"Drink! Who would drink such stuff?

"Why the English do—the Yankees do. The latter have a taste for the queerities. It is a great favorite to Yankeeland."

Now, dear wine-drinking friends, anti-temperance fellows, you must confess that your tipple is a drop of Champagne or Burgundy, reflect that a Lyonese alderman may possibly have bathed in it, and see if you can't manage to prevent you in appreciating its flavor.—*Bentley Times*.

QUAKER MEETING.—A young man from the country lately on a visit to a Quaker, was persuaded to go to accompany one of the meetings. It happened to be a silent one. When he left the meeting house his friend asked him how he liked it. "How shall I tell you," the young man replied, "I have been to a place where they do not preach, and I have been to a place where they preach, but they do not pray, and I have been to a place where they both preach and pray, but to-day I have been to a place where they neither preach nor pray."

EPT The smallest song in the world

We three
Hungry boys
In one cress.
Roll profit,
Roll three snuffs,
And I cheese.

FRENCH FOR GOOD.—During a heavy fall of rain, a Frenchman was seen a deep hole in mud, attempted to depart himself unbecomingly a water spout. He took "lying silent in his glory," over and soon exclaimed—"Not a dog more, gentlemen—not a dog more."

EPT De Bulls writes amusing letters from Ireland, but the most comical he says:—"We began to grow very hungry, and turning to the guard we observed that Irish mules were very long. "Yes," said he, "they are very, but then they're very narrow."

EPT The horns in bows are used to go to meeting when the bachelors are used to go to church. Also a real made of hominy seeds and paste, a shirt manufactured of milk-weed and cotton, and to crown all, they wear a coat shirt caps and go barefoot.

EPT A FRIEND IN NEED.—A gentleman, connected in public speaking, becoming embarrassed, whispered to his friend, "Quick, give me a word!" Upon which the other replied, "Yes, yes, what word do you want?"

EPT A lady's heart is said to be like a fiddle—because it is played on to the best advantage by a beau.

REASONS THE WAY.—Every one accustomed to live in a new country, is aware that the first operation are in the habit of blazing the trees all along the new roads that they may lay out, a process which is nothing more nor less than cutting a small piece of bark from each tree. *By this means* they can ever after keep the road, rain or shine. A friend, says the New Orleans Picayune, tells a good story of a backwoodsman he met a day or two since in one of our principal streets. The chap had a large piece of chalk in his hand, with which he marked all the most prominent buildings he met with. Astonished at so unwonted an object, our friend inquired the reason for thus chalking the fronts and doors as he passed.

"Why, the fact is," replied the backwoodsman, "I got considerably warped up here yesterday—was lost for two hours, and like never to have found my father again, or the turnings and windings. When I came out to-day, I thought I would *just blaze my way* as I went along, so that I could find my road back. You don't catch this particular individual being lost again in your doubling and twisting streets, nay way you can fix it."

EPT A woodman from the interior of Arkansas, who had never been on board of a steamboat, had occasion to go to St. Louis a short time since. From the bank of the river he hailed the "Harry of the West" with:—"Captain, what's the fare to St. Louis?" "What part of the boat do you wish to go on?" asked the captain. "Cabin or deck?" "Darn your cabin," said the hoosier, "I live in a cabin at home—give me the best you've got."

EXPENSE.—In the established telegraphic tariff, the prices charged are according to the number of words without regard to the length thereof. The Scientific American says, that a Yankee in his communications to his wife economized in the following manner:—Mr. Jacob Packmyblanceatwhite purseisnearcreeksbottomsyrenallbrush, has married MissSallieSmithoakbytreethealthisreturned. This may be called a specimen of Yankee ingenuity.

MARRIED A CHRISTIAN.—"Fred," said a wag to a conceited fop, "I know a beautiful creature who desires to make your acquaintance."

Glad to hear it—the gal—good taste—struck with my fine appearance, I suppose?"

"Yer, very much so. She thinks you would make a capital playmate for her poodle dog."

EPT One of the neighbors of Mr. Wiggin, whose wife lately gave birth to four children, was passing with a nurse having such a blessed kind wife. "Oh, no!" said Mr. Wiggin, "she's a most overbearing woman."

EPT An affected urgent, at the Dublin Theatre, was told by a wag in the gallery, to "come out from behind his nose, and sing his song like other people."

EPT "Sambo, are you afraid to work?"

"Bress you, Massa, I no 'fraid ob work, I'll lie down and go asleep by him side."

EPT There is said to be an old fellow in New York, who swears so loud that he can't sleep in the same room with himself.

Salmagundi.

CANE EXETTER.—Some gentleman in Washington, moved thereto, no doubt, by the success of the exceedingly meagre furnishing of Gen. Taylor's camp table, has caused to be made a complete set of Camp Equipage, which he intends to present to the Hero of the Rio Grande. The Baltimore American speaks of it as follows:

The set numbers about one hundred pieces, consisting of kettles, pans, trays, cups, coffee pots, knives and forks, sugar, tea, and coffee canisters, castors, &c. The artifice, with the exception of the large kettles and pans, which are sheathed with copper, are all of the best block tin. The large kettleers in the castors are of fine cut glass, and are kept in their places by a tin cover. Each of the articles is of such graduated size as to nest into the other, and the whole, with the exception of the canisters, can be put into the two large kettles, which are packages of similar size and weight. The articles are each enveloped in a flannel bag to keep them from rubbing against each other, and the bags are put into two large leather cases, thus fitting them for convenient transportation by being strapped across the back of a horse or strapped on a wagon. The whole of the equipage will not weigh more than 100 pounds, and yet will comprise cooking utensils sufficient to provide a dinner for 20 persons. Each article is to be marked with the initials of Genera' Taylor.

EPT A correspondent of the Providence (R. I.) Journal, gives the following description of a Tax Kiln in North Carolina: "Light wood" is the heart of the long leaved Pine tree, and is found where the tree has died and is denuded of its top. It is saturated with pitch, and is nearly incorruptible.

"The lightwood is cut into billets of about two or four feet, and split into small pieces. A spot having been selected for the purpose, the top of the earth is removed, and the clay or other hard pan exposed. The excavation is made in a circular form, three-quarters under ground and one above the outside, to the centre. Outside, a pit is dug, and from the centre a drain is cut to communicate with it. The wood is then put in it in pieces, each layer declining towards the centre, and layer upon layer gradually drawing in as you ascend, till the whole pile has assumed the shape of a sugar loaf. The whole is then covered with turf, and ignited. The wood burns slowly and smothered, the pitch being driven off by the process, descends into the drain, and conveys it to the pit, and then it is called into barrels. The charcoal is used by shoemakers, who will paid about one hundred barrels of tar. On an average, at the kiln, the tar is not worth more than one dollar per barrel, and the charcoal is worth a trifle. Hence you may form some estimate of the value of lightwood."

ANIMAL FLOWERS.—Reader, it is not of pretty yellow and fragrant flowers, that we would speak, and pretty poses they are to be sure. On the Island of Cuba there is a species of tree, in which in a large basin (wether or fibres four deep, the leaves of which rock. From these rocks proceed certain tuberous stalks about three feet high, with beautiful flowers, resembling our marigolds, only that their fast is more lively. These nestling flowers, on the approach of a hand or other substance, close in a small, out of sight. On close examination, these appears, in the middle of a disk, filaments resembling fibrous eggs, which, on being touched by the hand of a human being, contract with a sort of convulsive motion. Here is a species of animal and it is probable he lives on the insects that fall from by the sea into the basin.—*Cin. Post.*

Choice Selections.

LIFE.

Life is like a summer's day,
An several sorts of weather,
Quickly doth it pass away,
Lake autumn leaves together.

Merrily the leaves fly,
In youth's bright morn;
The rose-bud opens but to die,
And leave the thorn!

Manhood comes upon us fast,
And childhood is gone,
The rosy hues of youth are past,
And we have grown.

Moving onwards still towards death
We count along—
The regular pulse we feel,
In quickly gone.

We die—the body turns to dust—
The spirit flies away,
The spirit mingleth with the just
In endless day.

HANDSOME MAN.—One of our exchanges contains the following curious remarks relating to handsome men:—"If you are ever desirous to have a handsome man in the family, just take a chicken-pox-ender while he's yet in the bud, and batter his face to the utmost degree. Then you will have a handsome man are invariably asses; they cultivate their hair and complexion so much, that they have no time to think of their brains. If they have much beauty, their heads are usually soft. If an instructor is blessed with a handsome man, just look for one with features so small that you can't see them, and sing his song like other people."

Ladies' Boudoir.

OUR FLOWER VASE.

ARBOR VITÆ. *Live For Me.*
With heart never changing, and bone never cold. *Moore.* D.

I live in pleasure, when I look upon
Unless I look on those I love in pain.
There is no day for me to look upon:
To see is sorrow: and I leave to be,
I'll be set by, but for their influence.
Fostered, illumined, cherished, kept alive. *Shakspeare.*

Gladly I
Wish thee would live, with thee would die. *Horace.*

BEECH TREE. *Love's Tryste.*
Oh! what can melt the glowing heart,
Or charm the soul in speechless pleasure,
Or thee! each serve the rapture dart
Like love beneath her treasure. *Burns.*

"Where, so dewy twilight lingers,
Oh! the balmy air of love,
Harps were tuned by Fairy fingers,
Wilt thou meet me there love?

"While the bird of love is singing
Lingle notes on golden wing,
Rapture to the full heart bringing,
Wilt thou meet me there love?

"There, where oft we've spoke fond vows
As thyself in sweet,
Shalt'ry'd in the sunny love's,
Thee and I should meet."

The Beech is a tree of large size with branches forming a handsome head, which grows upon a stout trunk; and of a silvery hue—the frequent deposition of severe and transient conditions, as many I never saw. Hence, in some lines, the beech is called the *silvery beech*. Hence also in the following manner:—"Love being immortal, till they change, or die." It is a case of poetic celebrity—Spenser notices it there—

"Oh, Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witnessed every where.
Run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and inexpressive she."

Here Shakspeare alludes to the etymology of the word beech, which is derived from the Anglo-Saxon, Germans, etc., and, as has been suggested, *Beech* may probably have been applied to *Book*, the use of which after his marriage, purchased a mattresse or flock-bed, and therein a sacke of chaff to rest his head upon, he thought himself to be as well lodged as the lord of the towne, that, peradventure, lay seldom in a bed of downe. Hence, in the 3d part of *Henry VI.* shall arrive at London on the 20th June. Speaking of the dangers of travelling in those times, and using the principal objects of interest, and well the proceed to Liverpool. I shall leave that part to the gleeman and bards to sing of. Thence I shall will arrive at East Boston on the afternoon of the 17th. You will, therefore, have a carriage ready at the depot which the train will arrive, and have some boiled salmon, green peas and new potatoes on the table for dinner, at 5 P. M. precisely.

But the finale of the whole was the presentation of a tree there on the very day he calculated, and to the pleasure of dining on fresh salmon, with new potatoes and sauce. The wind of the morning of the train would have been inducted for a wizard.

AUSTRALIAN MODE OF DUELLING.—Mr. Hawkesworth, the Australian Agricultural Company, gives the following account of an Australian duel, which, by the way, is a decided improvement on the mortal duels in vogue in this country:

"The parties meet in presence of their seconds and friends, who form a ring, round them as in other countries, and commence. They stand opposite another, armed with a club about two feet long. The injured person has the right of striking the first blow, which he does with all his might, aiming at the head his head forward, with the side turned partially towards his adversary, who parries with a force commensurate with the vindictive feeling of the moment. A while man, with an ordinary cranium, would be killed on the spot; but, owing to the great thickness their skulls, this seldom happens. Sometimes, however, the challenged party now takes his turn to strike, which he does with all his might, and receives in the same posture of convenience. In this way the combat is continued, with alternate blows, until the parties are wounded, or the exhaustion so great as to satisfactory."

EPT The wife of Solomon Coffman takes care to advertise the public that she has left his bed and board, on that she was a virtuous from the bomb for sent back to the world without her heart for God had vacated that house.

The Rev. Simon Brown died with the conviction that his sins were all washed away by the precious blood of Christ, and was translated to a special seat of the divine self-will, and was received with all welcome. Hallelujah!

Lemuel, my friend, bought he had no need heart or soul; and would be, but he was not. Hallelujah!

Brother Jones, who was a member of the church, was a man of great judgment, and was well versed in the art of making money. He was a man of great judgment, and was well versed in the art of making money. He was a man of great judgment, and was well versed in the art of making money. He